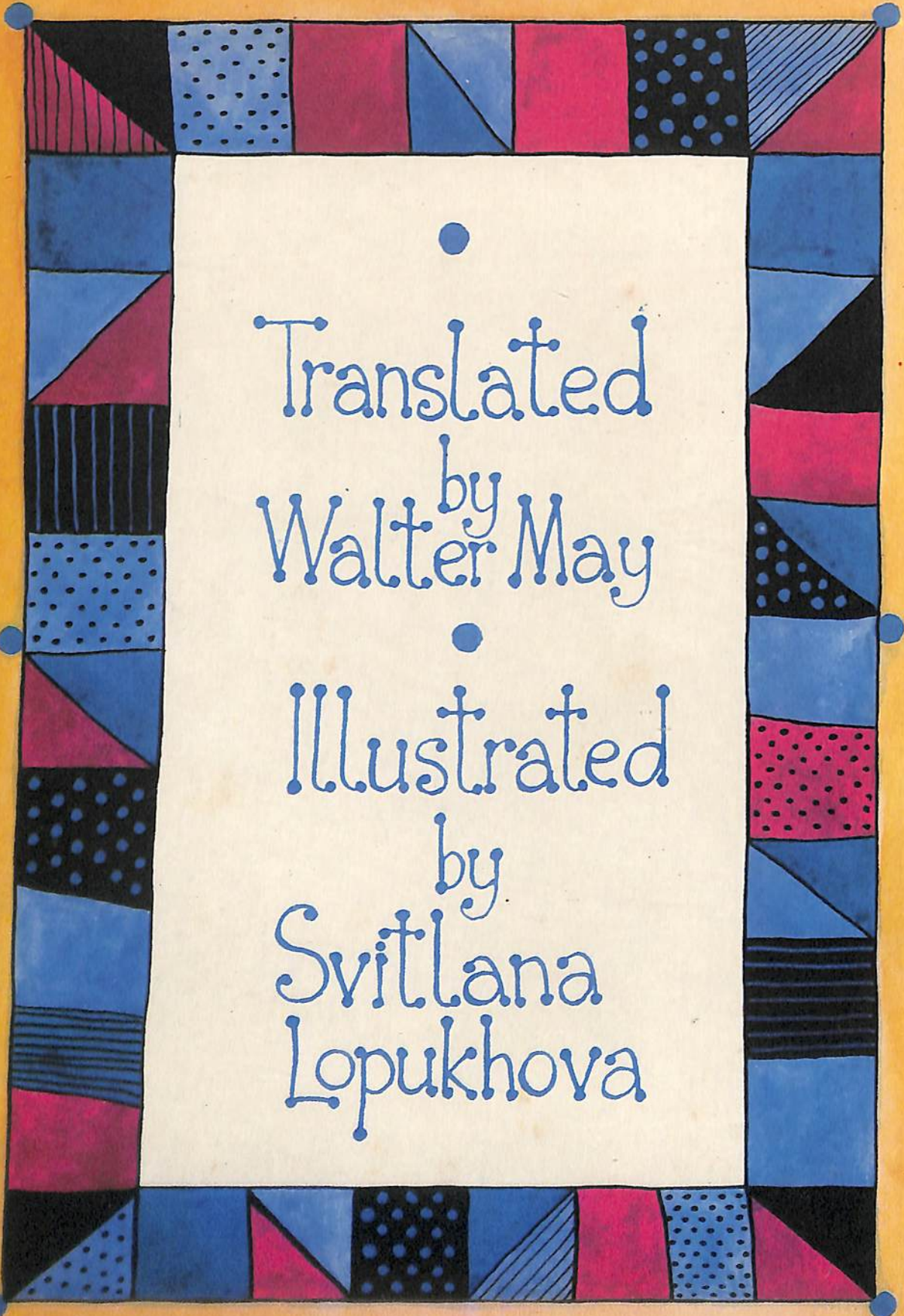


# THREE SONGS







Translated  
by  
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# THREE SONGS



Russian,  
Ukrainian and Byelorussian  
Folk Songs

•  
Kiev-Dnipro Publishers-1986





Geese go winging, geese go winging,  
Flying low the geese go stringing.  
Geese go winging o'er the willow tree.  
Goose-feathers make a fine soft pillow see,  
And those feathers from Goosey-geesey  
Flying geese have given to Lucy.









Gather round, friends  
And a feast I'll prepare!  
Our old gate starts  
And Billy-Goat comes  
Here's the cow, Malanka,  
With her calf  
Romanka,





Here's the mare Marinka,  
With her foal Gavrilka,  
Then lambkin,  
young Samkin,  
Little Piggy-wiggy,  
Duckling Dilly-dilly,  
And the rooster Booster.





I catch hold by hand to the doggy's tail-  
Only so 'cross the bridge with the broken rail-  
To the doggy's tail I catch hold by hand,  
Only so 'cross the stream on the bank I'll stand!







I've a friend so heavenly—  
A pillow soft and feathery:  
In the morn we part with pain,  
In the evening meet again.



Lalla, lalla, lalla,  
Calfings graze the pasture:  
In fields the widest,  
In grass the highest.





But when you've been to pasture,  
Come home to your master.  
When asleep you fall,  
Cow-herd boy recall.





Well, what d'you like!  
Grandad caught  
Off to market rode, some pike-  
Sold a whole cart-load.  
Here's your money, old man,  
For one honey-bun then!







On the mountain skipped a nanny-goat,  
Skipped a nanny-goat, and began to boast:  
— Ah, you old grey wolf,  
Ah, you old grey wolf,  
I'm not frightened of you,  
Not the least, it's true!







- Mad hare, mad hare, where were you?  
- In that dark copse!  
- What you caught there, tell me do!  
- A wolf and a fox.  
Grey wolf got frightened -  
off to the pack.  
But the fox I captured and  
put him in my sack.





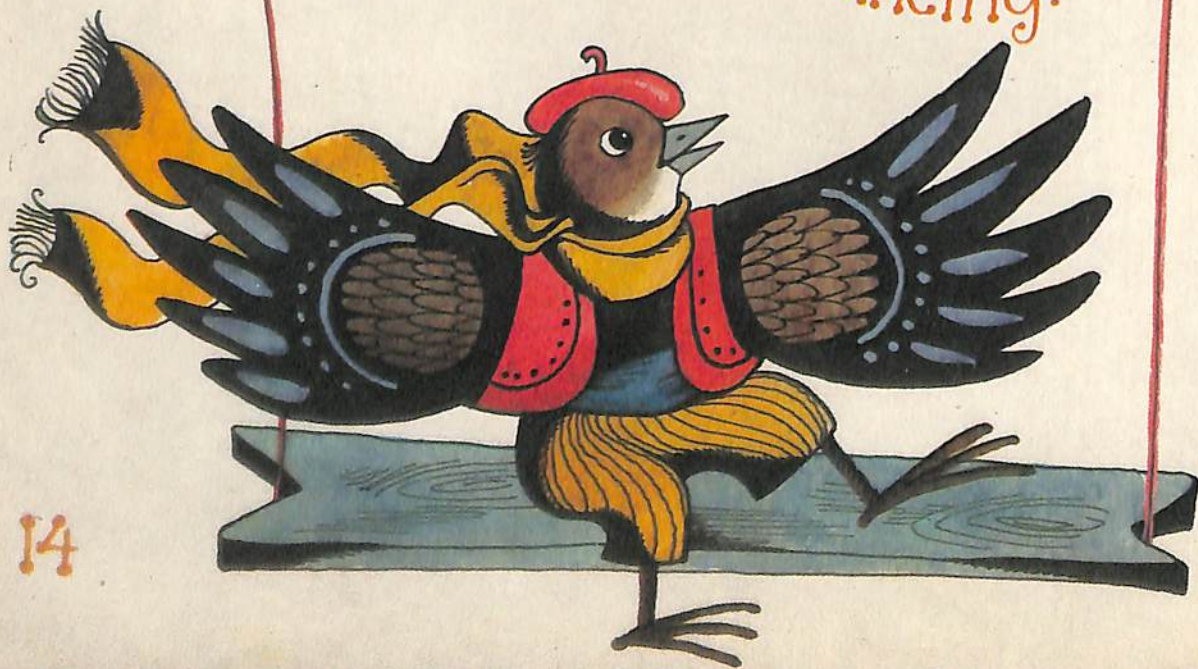


-Well then mad March hare, the fox let me see!  
 -One moment, one moment, the sack's here with me...  
 Oh, oh, a hole here gnawed the old fox,  
 And away she hopped through  
 the field and copse,  
 And when she ran hither, she  
 set me a-quiver.  
 See!





In the dale blue mist is showing,  
Swiftly day is vanishing.  
On the mountain,  
On the rowan,  
There's a sparrow  
balancing.



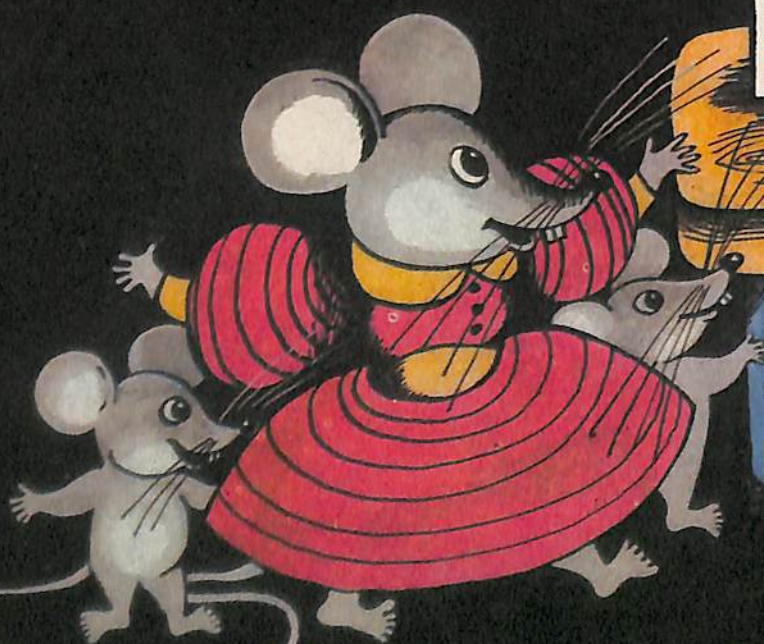




Chree-chree!-From afar has flown here  
This bold magpie on its own here,  
In its dark red cap, so plump,  
It has settled on a stump.



Lulla-lulla,  
All the house asleep,  
Kitty also sleeps,  
On the stove breathes deep.  
Lulla-lulla,  
Lulla,  
Lulla-lulla,  
Lulla.





-Kitty, Kitty,-  
Mousie squeaks,-  
-You're pretending,  
You don't sleep...  
Lulla-lulla,  
Lulla,  
Lulla-lulla,  
Lulla.





Oh, we want no woe, you know-  
Nowhere for the cat to go.  
Brought the cat to the yard, what  
Simply sat him on the fence <sup>sense,</sup>  
Now the cat runs away,  
Makes the fence shake and sway,  
Frightens all the little calves,  
little calves, and lambs,  
ba-baas, and lambs,  
Makes the children  
all see stars.







Morning sun - chicken run.  
Mother Hen she leads,  
Chicklets she feeds,  
And the cock, red comb raising,  
All the hens starts amazing.

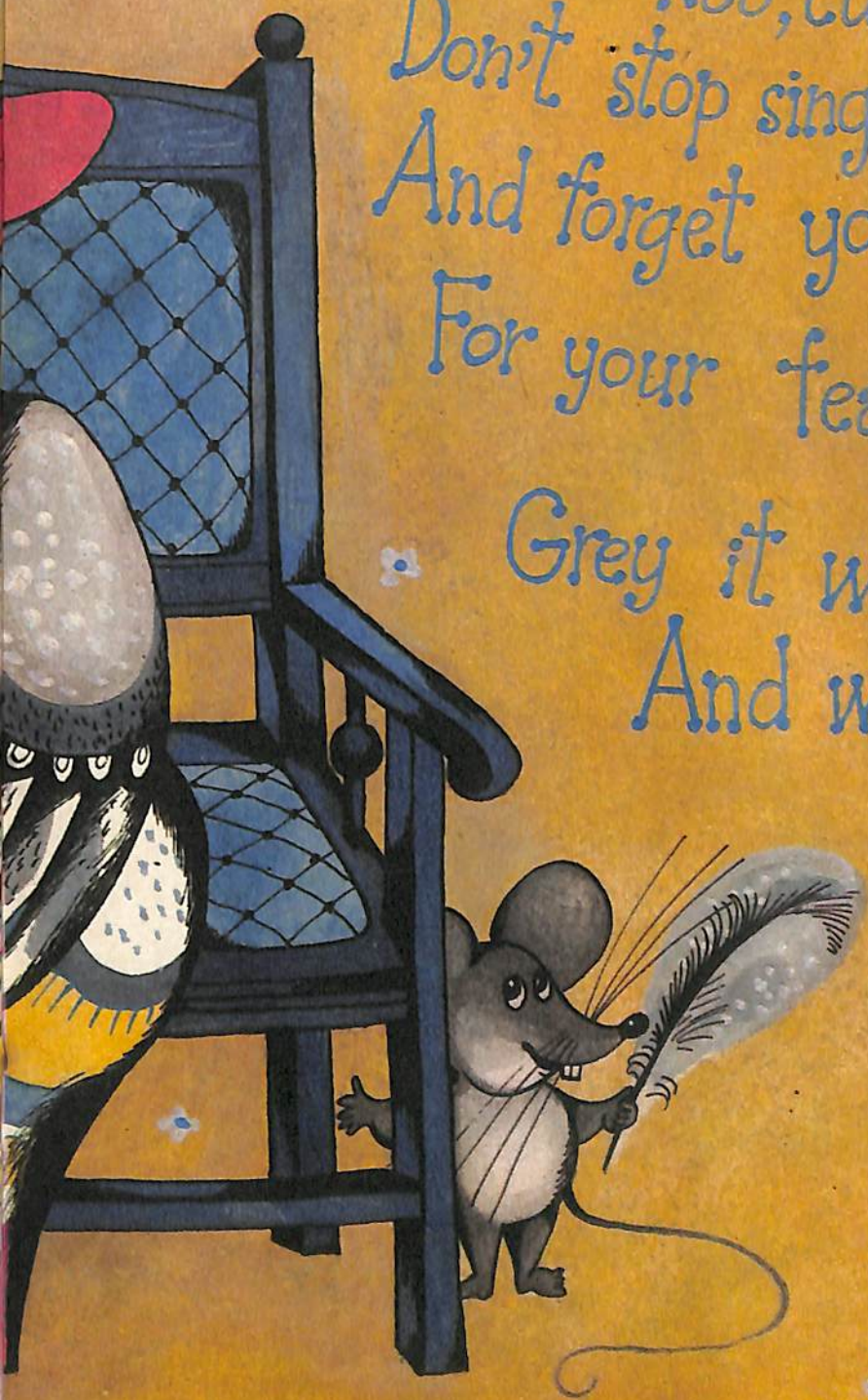


Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo dear,  
Where's my cuckoo, is she near?  
Now my cuckoo's song has  
stopped,  
For a feather she has dropped  
Grey it was,  
And white it was,  
And speckled thus...





Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo dear,  
Don't stop singing, do you hear?  
And forget your woes unkind,  
For your feather we  
shall find—  
Grey it was,  
And white it was,  
And speckled  
thus...







See, dark clouds, hear, thunder roars,  
All is gloom, like night, not day.  
Foxy, wave that tail of yours,  
Drive dark clouds in the sky away!



A duck swims, paddle-paddling,  
But with her beak seen dabbling,  
Small duck's bill in the water—  
Three inches and a quarter.







Screech-Owl sat on a stack of hay,  
Brown-Owl waited by the way.  
Hey-hey-hey, by the way!  
-Maybe you'll speak at last?  
Screech-Owl the Brown-Owl asked-





What's that noise? Rat-tat!  
I don't know, what is that?  
-That's some logs, just for me  
Woodpecker chops two days,  
you see.  
Tap-tap-tap! Just for me.  
Tap-tap-tap! Just for me. 25





Michael, that's my friend, you know,  
Searched for mushrooms in the snow.  
Didn't find them in the wood-  
In the wood a red fox stood!



By the tracks, near footpaths too,  
In the night the mushrooms grew:  
The red-caps by the mushrooms grew:  
The black-caps by the aspen,  
Agaric - round and bracken,  
Morels-like children chubby.





Kitty came back  
from the wood,  
Found a girdle, very good.  
Kitty came from shopping—  
A needle to darn her  
stocking.





Wandered round the market,  
Brought back boots in her basket.  
Kitty went on the verandah-  
Brought a ring from the gander.  
Look at Kitty-she's pretty!





I've a jolly porker,  
livelier than a horse, sir:  
Ride him, if he grows thinner—  
Gallop him home for dinner.







In a basket Pussy  
Cooked herself a cookie.  
While the Crane - ooh - ooh - ooh!  
Cried: - I've come to dine with you!



Lulla-lulla-lullaby,  
Now the hares come running by:  
-Is our girlie sleeping tight,  
She who sings so gay and bright?  
-Run off all you hares in the rye!  
Don't disturb her!  
Lullaby!..





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by Ritaliy Zaslavsky

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